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Dear Marsha and Jack

(Fax: 416-658-5067)

It's our long Independence Day weekend down here. I slept in and got up refreshed and relaxed and utterly free of all the usual demands. Interestingly, one of my first urges had to do with getting off a fax to you.

I received your thoughtful fax describing your current experiences some time ago. Martha and I were both touched by it. I wanted to respond right then, but my country's penchant for seeing that the rich and guilty are treated better in the courts than the poor and innocent. . . well, fighting against this inequity just eats a guy's freedom up.

Now with my still being out of the e-mail loop, I'm wondering how the two of you are doing. I'm wondering if Inclusion Press is perking along. (Maybe, if you still have a snail-mailing list, you could put me on it.)

Yet, even with all my wondering, I am sure of one thing. If the two of you hadn't done what you did in those very early years, there would have been no such thing as INCLUSION. I remember reading with amazement about the summer camp things you ran when you were still hanging around the Kinsmen Building. You were all alone then, and the so-called educational experts of the day were remarkably dull about picking up on what you guys were doing. Now, just listen to them talk!

I'm sure of another thing. Although I do not know the future, there's no doubt in my mind—you have created a solid, brilliant legacy that won't go away. It was based on actual critical human situations—like Judith Snow's. None of your stuff came out of some highfalutin, academic think tank where everyone exudes super breeding and talks as if they had plums in their mouths. For example, if these types walked by a guy lying in the gutter who was dying of thirst, they would then convene and figure out how to develop a comprehensive system of water fountains. But when my old gooney bird and labrador discover the poor soul, they start yelling, "For Chrissakes, let's get the guy a drink. Now!" Then you get your heads together and try to

figure out what skills you developed in the emergency that could be used again.

There's still a third thing I know about you two. You have never been mediocre. You work so hard to rise above mediocre folks who can't see anything good beyond their own mawkish, overblown accomplishments. Not you. I think that there's an indestructible quality in your truth. It may not be recognized or believed by many at first, but it jumps from soul to soul. It may even change its form with each person it touches. But it is still what you said it was because what you do is so deeply elemental and human.

Therefore know that I've always appreciated the groundbreaking work you've done. And know that I care about what happens to you.

Love,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'Be' with a long horizontal stroke extending to the left.

PS: I still got jerked away and had to travel to a meeting. So what I started on the 4th got finished on the 7th. So it goes, as Kurt Vonnegut would say.